

descends. Leagues and leagues of dark pine forest stretch beneath the eye. Deep valleys, with picturesque wooden villages, are at our feet, adown which bright streams leap and flash. The native costume is very quaint. The men wear queer-cut coats with red linings, and the women a green bodice, with gaily trimmed straw hats. At the pretty town of Offenburg, the last place in the world one would look for it, is a statue of the gallant English sailor, Sir Francis Drake, erected to his honour for having "introduced the potato into Europe, 1586." We sweep into the Rhine valley, studded with grey old castles, and crossing the river on a magnificent iron bridge, behold, glowing in the rosy light of sunset, the mighty minster of Strassburg.

Nowhere has Gothic architecture reached a grander development than in these old Rhine cities; and the two finest minsters in the world are, I think, those of Strassburg and Cologne. To the great cathedral, therefore, I first of all betook me in the morning. Beautiful without and within—it is a glorious poem, a grand epic, a sublime anthem in stone. Even the grandeur of St. Peter's wanes before the solemn awe which comes over the soul beneath those vast and shadowy vaults. The one represents the perfect triumph of human achievement: the other the deep religious yearning and the unsatisfied aspiration of the spirit; the one, the cold intellectual work of the Southern mind: the other, the awe and mystery, and sublime emotions, of the northern soul. Those clustering columns; those dim, forest-like vaults; those long-drawn aisles; the solemn gloom irradiated by glimpses of glory through the many-coloured robes of apostle and prophet, saint and angel, in the painted windows, so like the earthly shadows and the heavenly light of human life and history—these wake deep echoes in the soul, as no classic or renaissance architecture ever can.

As I entered the church, the deep-toned organ was rolling forth a sublime fugue, descriptive of the Last Judgment—the clear pealing of the archangel's trumpet, the deep thunder of doom, the wail of everlasting despair, the jubilant triumph of the saved. The pure, sweet, innocent voices of the white-robed choir boys, and the deep and solemn chanting of the priests, echoed through the vaulted aisles in cadences by turns tender and sublime. It was, I found, a mass for the dead. The coffin, covered with a velvet pall, lay on a catafalque before the altar,